

And him to Pymfret; where, as all you know,
Harmlesse Richard was murdered traitorously.

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd.

Salib. But William of Hatfield dyed without an
Heire.

York. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I claime the Crowne,
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;
Roger had Issue, Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Salib. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,
As I haue read, layd claime vnto the Crowne,
And but for Owen Glendour, had bene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed,
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest Sister, Anne,
My Mocher, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Married Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirde fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I claime the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,
Who married Phillip, sole Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne

Succeed before the younger, I am King.

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?

Henry doth claime the Crowne from John of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, York claimes it from the third:

Till Lionels Issue fayles, his should not reigne.

It fayles not yet, but flourisheth in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.

Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,

That shall salure our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.

Both. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands
King.

York. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,

And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.

Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,

At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,

Till they haue mar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:

'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if York can prophetic.

Salib. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde
at full.

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a King.

York. And Nevill, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick

The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exit.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State,
with Guard, to banish the Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Glosters Wife:

In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,

Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;

From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the Gallies.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,

Deplayd of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,

Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Ile of Man.

Eleanor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death.

Gloster. Eleanor, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:

Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;

Sorrow would folace, and mine Age would ease.
King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,

Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,

And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my secrete:

And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,

God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloster. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the same resigne,

As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,

As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,

May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,

That beares so shrewd a mayme; two Pulls at once;
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lost off.

This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henries hand.

Suff. Thus droupes this lostie Pyne, & hangs his sprays,
Thus Eleanor's Pride dyes in her youngest dayes.

York. Lords, let him goe, please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,

And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,

So please your Highnesse to behold the fight.
Queene. I, good my Lord; for purposely therefore

Lest I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name see the Lyfts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.

York. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,

The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking
to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a
Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge
fastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a
Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you
in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbour, you shall doe
well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of
Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere
Neighbour: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and ile pledge you all,
and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a
fool.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master,
Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray
you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this

World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne;
and Will, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tom,

take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray
God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee

hath learnt so much fence already.

Salib. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth.

Salib. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salib. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master
well.

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon
my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue; and my selfe
an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will

take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,
nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a
downe-right blow.

York. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trea-
son.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,
and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, haue I overcome mine Enemies in this
preference? O Peter, thou hast preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,

And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murder'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exit.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in
Mourning Cloakes.

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud;
And after Summer, euermore succeeds the barren Winter,

with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet,

Sirs, what's a Clock? Tenne, my Lord.

Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloster. To

To watch the

Vaneath may

To treade the

Sweet Nell, il

The abiect P

With enuious

That erst did

When thou d

But soft, I thi

My teare-stay

Enter th

by.

Eleanor. C

Now thou do

See how the g

And nodde th

Ah Gloster, hid

And in thy Cl

And banne th

Gloster. Be

Eleanor. A

For whilest I

And thou a Pri

Me thinkes I

May'd vp in fl

And follow'd

To see my tear

The ruthlesse I

And when I R

And bid me be

Ah Humfrey, c

Trowest thou,

Or count them

No: Darke sha

To thinke vpo

Sometime lie

And he a Princ

Yet so he rul'd

As he stood by

Was made a w

To euery idle

But be thou mi

Nor stirre at n

Hang ouer thee

For Suffolke, he

With her, that

And Yorke, and

Have all lym'd

And flye thou

But feare not th

Nor neuer seek

Gloster. Ah N

I must offend, b

And had I twen

And each of th

All these could

So long as I am

Wouldst haue